But if blacke ſcandall or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.

*May.* God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.

*Glo.* In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

*Buc.* Then I ſalute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.

*May.* Amen.

*Buc.* To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

*Glo.* Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.

*Buc.* To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

*Glo.* Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene mother, Dutcheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet at one doore, Dutcheſſe of Gloceſter at another doore.*

*Dut.* Who meetes vs heere, my Neece *Plantagenet*?

*Qu.* Siſter well met, whither away ſo faſt?

*Dut. Glo.* No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

*Qu.* Kind ſiſter thankes, weele enter all together.

*Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.*

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How feares the Prince?

*Lieu.* Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly charged the contrary.

*Qu.* The King? why, who's that?

*Lieu.* I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.

*Qu.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.

*Dut. Glo.* Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then



Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.

*Lieu.* I doe beſeech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

*Enter Lord Standly.*

*Stan.* Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt goe with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned *Richards* royall Queene.

*Qu.* O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound
With this dead liking newes.

*Dor.* Madam, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?

*Qu.* O Dorſet, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerſtrip death, goe croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſe,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

*Stan.* Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to me ſonne,
To meete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe delay.

*Dut. Yor.* O ill diſpearſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cokatrice haſt thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnauoyded eye is murtherous.

*Stan.* Come Madam, I in all haſte was ſent for.

*Dutch.* And I in all vnwillingneſſe will goe,
I would to God that the incluſiue verge
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,
Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.